

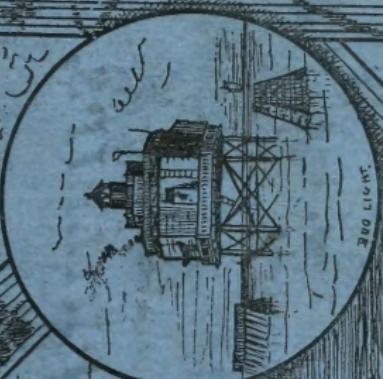
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EXCURSIONS

IN THE BAY.

BOSTON

TO

CAPE ANN & PROVINCETOWN.

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YAN EXCURSIONS.

Boston to Cape Ann.

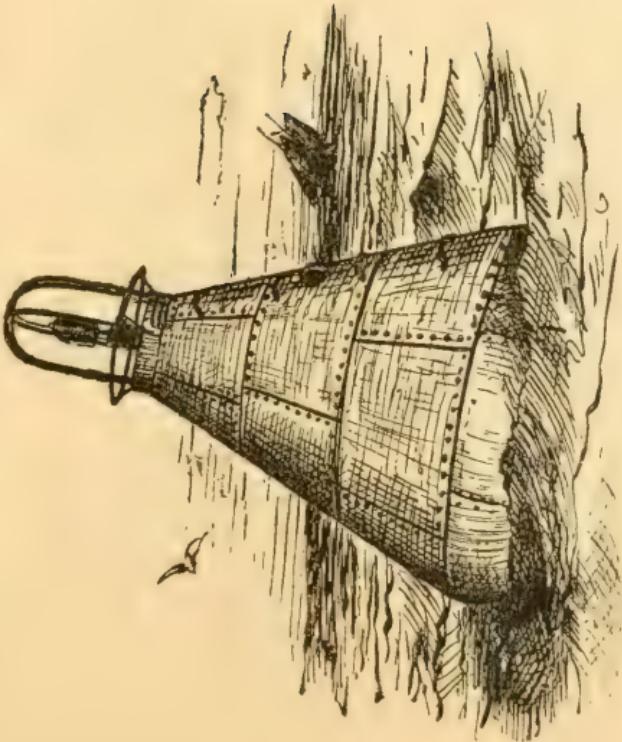
Innumerable are the testimonials of travellers to the rare beauty of Boston Bay. One and all break forth in enthusiastic praise, as the panorama of green islands, bold headlands, and surf-beaten sands opens into view from the deck of an inward bound steamship. It is indeed a charming scene, one that the eye is never tired of gazing upon. We feel a momentary curiosity in knowing what experienced *voyageurs* of the Old World may say of it, a pardonable pride in listening to comparisons with Dublin, Naples, and the much vaunted approaches to these celebrated seaports ; still, far more conclusive evidence of the attractions of our own fair haven is given by the multitudes who every year crowd the excursion steamers, or flock to its inviting shores by the

several railways skirting them. No accurate computation can be made of the numbers thus conveyed ; but as many as thirteen thousand persons have visited Revere Beach in a single day ; while on one occasion three times that number were safely transported to and from Nantasket and its environs. But even these numbers will now be largely increased by the improved facilities for reaching all these points.

Many who avail themselves of these short excursions for a day's enjoyment come from the towns or cities in the interior, and are wholly unacquainted with the names, history, or traditions of the memorable localities they now see, perhaps, for the first time in their lives. Believing that such knowledge would tend greatly to enhance the pleasure of a numerous class, we present this sketch of the more prominent features embraced between the promontory of Cape Ann on the North, and Cape Cod on the South Coast.

We will first take a pleasure trip to Cape Ann. Supposing ourselves now comforta-

bly settled under the awning of a swift steamer, with a good glass, a luncheon, and a settled determination to enjoy to the utmost whatever may present itself, we watch the boat as she carefully threads



WHISTLING BUOY. THE GRAVES.

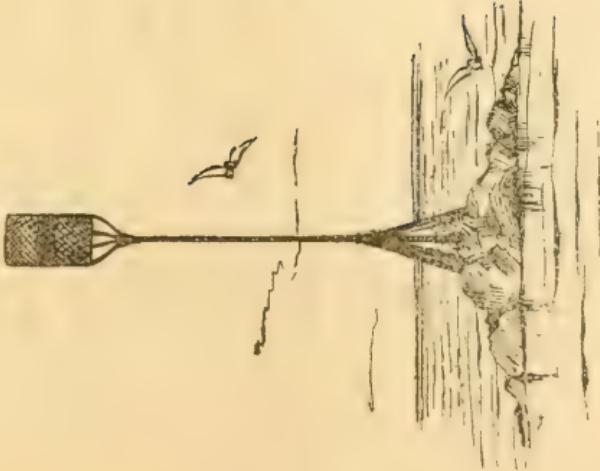
her way through the swarm of vessels at anchor ; and if the day be a sultry one, soon catch the grateful and invigorating breeze which so quickly puts to flight the languor or indifference with which we were lately possessed.

The boat's prow points first along the heights of East Boston, formerly known as Noddle's Island, perhaps from William Nod-dle, one of the early settlers at Boston. Certain it is, that it was so called in 1630.

The annals of this island, alone, make a very thick volume, while our reference to it must be as brief as our passage by it is swift. The first resident here of whom we have definite knowledge, was Samuel Maverick, who was living on the island when the settlers under Winthrop arrived, in 1630, in the Bay. The steamships of the Cunard, and other European lines, are seen loading, and unloading, at their piers; discharging assorted cargoes to be sent all over the country, or receiving grain from the elevators, and live cattle from the long trains of cars which have brought both from the prairies of the far West.

Steaming beyond, if it be low tide, a bare, shingle reef, on the point of which is a beacon, is seen, soon overtaken, and left on the port hand. This gravelly reef is all that remains of BIRD ISLAND formerly containing

several acres of land. It is laid down on all the old maps, and is noted as having been a place of execution for pirates, which fact connects it with a tradition similar to that to be related farther on.



BEACON.

We are now under the terraced and mounded heights of GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, which has been strongly fortified by the government, and with FORT INDEPENDENCE, opposite, fully commands the main ship channel. Vessels of light draught may

pass between Governor's and APPLE ISLAND, which lies immediately behind it, and is easily distinguished by the orchard which still covers it.

GOVERNOR'S ISLAND was formerly called the Governor's Garden, it having been granted to Governor Winthrop, for the purpose, on condition that two bushels of apples should be paid every year by the grantee into the colony treasury. It was probably the first place in the colony on which an orchard was planted. The fortress now crowning it, said by military engineers to be the strongest on our coast, fitly perpetuates the name of a family distinguished in the annals of the colony and state. In the first volume of Boston records there is an allusion to a grant of the island to Henry Dunster, president of Harvard College. It also appears to have been, at one time, called Conant's, from Roger Conant, who was at Nantasket as early as 1625; and who afterwards took charge of the English settlement at Cape Ann. Very many of the harbor islands changed their names with every change of

ownership, some of them having had as many as three or four or more different ones.

CASTLE ISLAND, on which Fort Independence is built, is the most historically famous of all the harbor islands. It was first fortified in 1633-4, the guns mounted being a present to the colony from friends in England. It is therefore the oldest military post in the original British Colonies that has continued to be such. During the revolution of 1689 it was seized by the Bostonians; and, after the accession of William III, Colonel Romer, who was sent over to examine the sea-coast defences of the colonies, demolished the old work and built a new, which mounted 100 pieces of cannon. The fortress then took the name of Castle William. Upon the evacuation of Boston, in 1776, the British blew up the magazine and citadel, leaving the fortress in ruins. The Americans immediately took possession, repairing and garrisoning the work. In August, 1799, President John Adams made a visit to the fort and changed its

name to Fort Independence; but its ancient name of "The Castle," still clings to it. In 1802 the fort was rebuilt under the direction of Col. Foucin, a French military engineer. The national colors were first displayed from the fort, and saluted, June 23, 1802.

Turning now to the north shore again, the mainland seen here is the town of Winthrop, one of the most inviting ocean suburbs of Boston; it is prolonged by a ridge of pebble and beach to POINT SHIRLEY, where the smelting works of the Revere Copper Company, and Taft's hotel, so well known to epicures, are seen. Opposite to this point, which was also formerly called PULLING POINT, is DEER ISLAND, whose hospital is one of the prominent landmarks of the harbor. Between this island and Point Shirley is SHIRLEY GUT, practicable for small craft, and frequently used by the Nahant Steamers. Though deep, the channel is narrow and crooked, the sea pouring through at half tide with dangerous velocity. There is a story that a man once at-

tempted to drive in his chaise from the point to the island, at low tide, but horse, man, and vehicle were swept away in the whirling waters as the result of this foolhardy attempt. **APPLE ISLAND**, it should be said in passing, was once a favorite ground for treasure seekers who resorted to it in the dead hour of night to dig for Captain Kidd's gold. We do not learn that they found it.

DEER ISLAND is the quarantine station of Boston; and it also contains one of the reformatory institutions of the city.

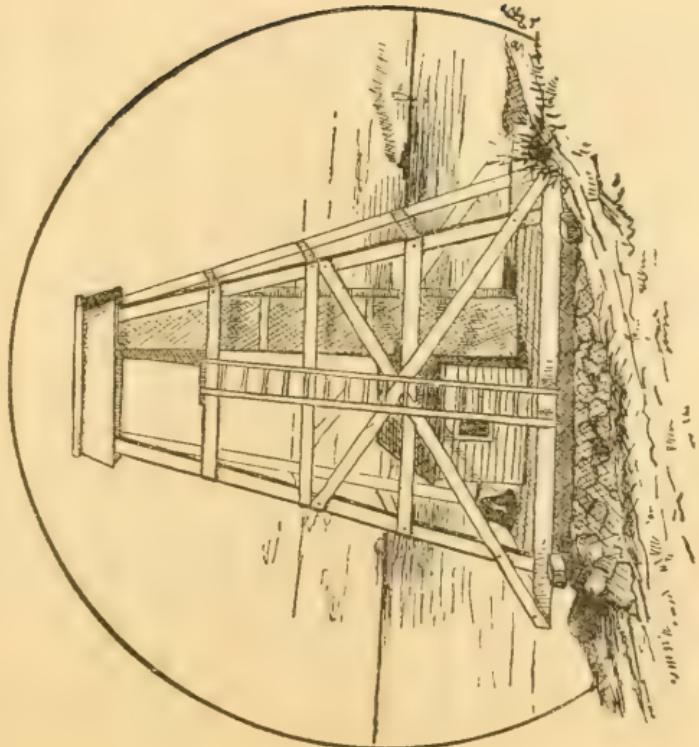
During King Philip's war, in 1676, when the authorities suspected these Indians had been tampered with by agents of the crafty Wampanoag chief, the so-called Praying Indians, were removed to Deer Island. These were the same whom the Apostle Eliot converted.

On the other side of the channel is **LONG ISLAND HEAD**, with its light-house and earth-works, the latter of recent construction. From this high headland, the British fleet, which still blockaded the port after

Washington compelled the evacuation of the town by the enemy's land forces, was finally driven away to sea. The next island on the right is **GALLOP**'s, and the next **LOVELL**'s.

Thus far our course has been that of all vessels inward or outward bound; but at this point the main ship channel diverges, passing now between **Gallop**'s and **Lovell**'s islands, while we, rounding the southern point of **Deer Island**, steer north-east. We are now within the **BROAD SOUND**, between the peninsulas of **Nahant** and **Winthrop**, with the whole extent of the famous **REVERE BEACH** forming the shore, and the wooded hills of **Saugus** and **Lynn** rising behind. To the right we perceive the cluster of rocky islets at the mouth of Boston harbor, called the **Brewsters**, on the largest of which looms the tall tower of the outer light. There are also **GREAT**, and **LITTLE**, **CALF**, and **GREEN** islands; while far out to sea is the wicked-looking ledge, the last land too, aptly called **THE GRAVES**. If the day be fair, and the air

transparent, the whole extent of Cape Ann will now be seen directly in our course ; but if not, it will probably be visible when we are off Nahant or Marblehead.



AUTOMATIC BELL.

We are soon up with Nahant Point, twelve miles from Boston, and fairly in the waters of Massachusetts Bay. We shall probably see the SOUTH SHORE dimly, and the best eyes can sometimes make out the spectral gray figure of Minot's Ledge Light-

house, rising from the sea, near the opposite coast. The promontory of beautiful Nahant is dotted with red-roofed cottages and villas. It has been the residence of some of the most distinguished literary men in America; Longfellow, Motley, Prescott, Agassiz, have all lived and worked here. Prescott's cottage is seen on the southerly point, called by him "Fitful Head," and the highest building on the northern is the chapel, from which a grand sea-view is obtained. But we cannot delay here. As the boat pushes on, new scenes constantly present themselves, which we, as faithful guides, must be ready to point out.

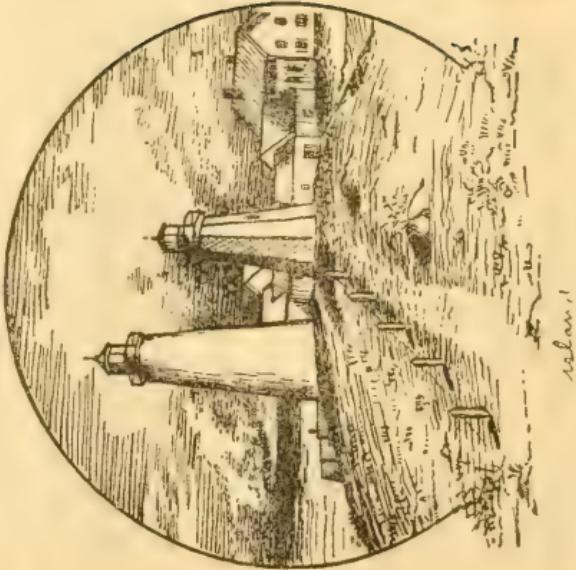
Getting clear of Nahant we pass picturesque Egg Rock, on which is a little light-house, not so much to conduct into port as to warn the mariner off shore, for here is no harbor; only an anchorage in what is called NAHANT BAY, and that, too, well up under the lee of PHILLIPS' POINT yonder, where the fishing vessels and yachts usually moor. Swampscoot and its cottages are seen stretched along the shore, indented here

with several pretty beaches. There is also a fine beach connecting Nahant with Lynn; it is about two miles long, hard and firm as pavement.

Looking beyond, the promontory, jutting out seaward, crowned with a high tower, is Marblehead, famed in story as the dwelling-place of Flood Ireson, but still more memorable as the birthplace of such distinguished men as Elbridge Gerry, Joseph Story, Commodore Samuel Tucker, General Glover, and many others of less note. The tower referred to is that of Abbott's Hall, and is already a noted landmark on this coast. Looking back we can still dimly make out the cupola of Deer Island Hospital. These two buildings are the distinguishing marks of the coast thus far.

MARBLEHEAD NECK, and in fact the whole shore, wherever an eligible sight is to be found, is thickly built with summer cottages. We do not open Marblehead harbor until well past the Neck, on the inner or westerly point of which is the

light. The town will then be seen on the opposite shore; and as we move on, the steeples of SALEM rise in the distance; while those of BEVERLY are seen peeping out beyond. We now have the whole south coast of Cape Ann from Beverly to EASTERN POINT before us. But first a word about the islands at the entrance of Salem harbor is in order. We first pass



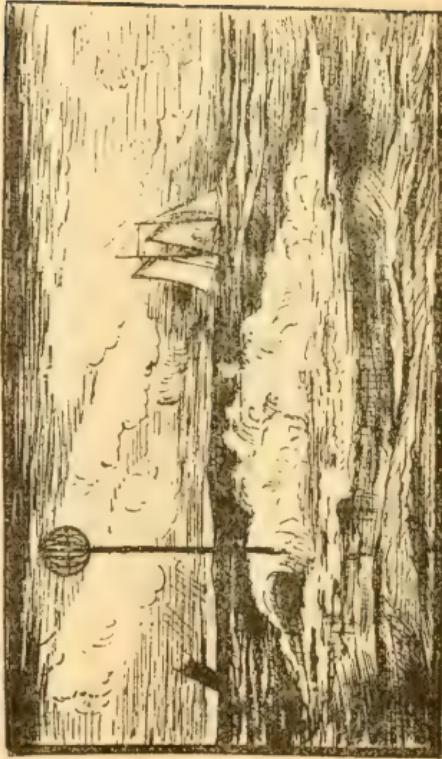
BAKER'S LIGHTS.

LOWELL's, then BAKER'S, on which are two light-houses. This solitary rock rising abruptly from the sea, right in our course,

is HALF WAY Rock, which marks half the distance from Boston Light to Gloucester harbor. It is a good guide in fair, but a dangerous neighbor in foul weather. A sort of beacon has been built on the summit. GREAT, and LITTLE MISERY are other islands lying off the MANCHESTER shore. We shall see the houses at BEVERLY FARMS peeping above the trees, then the long Masconomo Hotel, and behind it a white steeple or two in MANCHESTER. Directly in front of the hotel is seen the celebrated MUSICAL BEACH. Every headland here has its red-roofed cottage; one of them was the residence of the late James T. Fields. Sweeping on, the little roadstead of MAGNOLIA, with its hotel on one side, and its cluster of cottages on the other, grows more and more distinct. In this vicinity is a swamp in which the beautiful magnolia tree is found. KETTLE ISLAND lies off Magnolia Point. GLOUCESTER harbor is now in full view. Very providentially, too, as we see, it is placed at the extreme end of the rocky cape, where

it can do the most good to storm-driven mariners.

The general direction of Gloucester harbor is north and south, and our course on entering the port is N. by E. half E. if we enter in mid-channel, or if we hug the western shore, N. E. $\frac{1}{2}$ N. There are some dangerous rock-shoals to be avoided, and



WHALE'S BACK.

there is a bar stretching out from EASTERN POINT, (on the right) over which the sea rolls heavily in a southerly gale. It will be seen that the outer harbor affords a poor shelter in a south-easter, but on the eastern shore is an indentation

known as Southeast harbor, and farther on beyond the town, a snug cove with safe anchorage.

Looking now at the general characteristics of the port, we see that the north shore is very high, very bold, and well wooded. The reddish-gray cliff, at whose feet the sea breaks so grandly, is Norman's Woe, celebrated in Longfellow's ballad, "*The Wreck of the Hesperus*."

"She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her sides,
Like the horns of an angry bull."

A deep fissure in the rock, plainly visible from the deck, is RAFE'S CHASM. A little farther on we pass by NORMAN'S WOE ROCK, then MUSCLE POINT, where there are always some camping-out parties, enjoying the cool breezes, and fine fishing to be had here. The eastern shore is more irregular and rocky. A light-house, (EASTERN POINT LIGHT), stands at its extremity; another on TEN POUND ISLAND, the little rocky islet on our starboard bow. We

pass this, sweep round the shore of EAST GLOUCESTER, already a place of considerable resort, and with slackened speed approach the wharf.

It is not our purpose to describe the city. It will well repay a day's sojourn, either for the charming walks or drives in the vicinity, or for an inspection of the fishery business out of which Gloucester has grown from very humble beginnings to be a handsome and even wealthy city. It is, and always has been an exclusively fishing port.

But as we have only time for a casual view of the place, we will again put to sea. After leaving the harbor we keep well off shore, if we mean to pass to seaward of THATCHER'S ISLAND, whose lofty twin towers are now visible. First we open BRACE'S COVE, then GOOD HARBOR BEACH ; then rapidly leaving MILK ISLAND on the port, are soon up with Thatcher's. When the renowned Captain John Smith visited our coasts, in 1614, he named Cape Ann, Tragabigzanda ; to Milk, Thatcher's, and Straits-

mouth Island, the latter of which is now seen beyond us, he gave the name of the Three Turks' Heads, in commemoration of one of his exploits. Thatcher's Island owes its present name to a disaster that occurred in 1635 when Rev. John Avery with twenty-two others, among whom was Anthony Thatcher, uncle of the first minister of the Old South Church, in Boston, were cast away here in a terrible tempest. Thatcher was washed ashore on the island which now bears his name; but Avery with most of the company perished. The island was first called Thatcher's Voe, and the place where Avery was lost **AVERY'S FALL.**

The two light-houses, which are of equal height, are the finest structures of the kind on our coast. The lights are of great brilliancy, being visible, in a clear night, at a great distance. Besides the lights there is a fog-horn, sounded by steam, which in thick weather warns the mariner to give this dangerous shore a wide berth.

In going into ROCKPORT we leave Straits-

mouth Island and its little white light-house on our left, and the cluster of dangerous reefs called the *Salvages* on our right. We are now in *SANDY BAY*, the ancient name of Rockport, which lies picturesquely, along the shore. There is only a small artificial haven here so that the port is of little value as a place of refuge. Next beyond Rockport is *PIGEON COVE*, one of the most inviting summer resorts in New England. The shores are exceedingly fine, and the sea view unsurpassed. The famous granite quarries of Pigeon Hill are situated here. To meet the want of natural harbors for the shipment of their product, artificial basins have been constructed in which the vessels are loaded.

We have now reached the limit of our voyage. *IPSWICH BAY*, and the long reach of sandy shore extending to the Merrimac, are before us. Still beyond, *MOUNT AGAMENTICUS*, in Maine, looms in solitary grandeur; and perhaps a blue line of coast may be traced even further.

While retracing our course, a few words

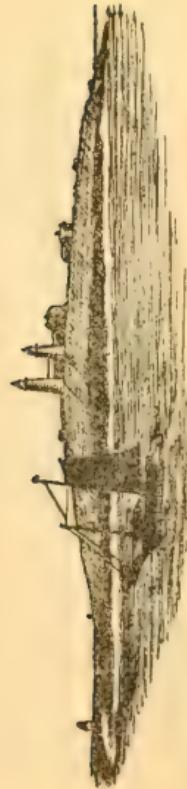
about Cape Ann will not be inappropriate. It is too remarkable a projection of the coast to have escaped the notice of early navigators, and it is, naturally, mentioned by several of them. Prince Charles (Charles I.) substituted the name of his mother for the barbarous one given by Captain Smith, while the outlying islands have received other and more appropriate appellations. English settlement began here in 1623, at what is now Gloucester. These settlers afterwards removed to Naumkeag, now Salem. When the company which founded Boston arrived here, in 1630, they first landed on the shore of Cape Ann, and regaled themselves upon the strawberries which were found growing abundantly.

During the Revolutionary War the town was cannonaded by a British vessel of war. After one broadside fired into the thickest part, the enraged Briton encouraged his men in this sort:

“Now my boys aim at the d—d Presbyterian Church” They did so. “Well done my brave fellows,” cried the captain,

“one more shot and the house of God will fall before you.”

The whole shore, of which we have taken a panoramic view, is storied, and it is believed no excursion of equal extent embraces so many objects of interest.

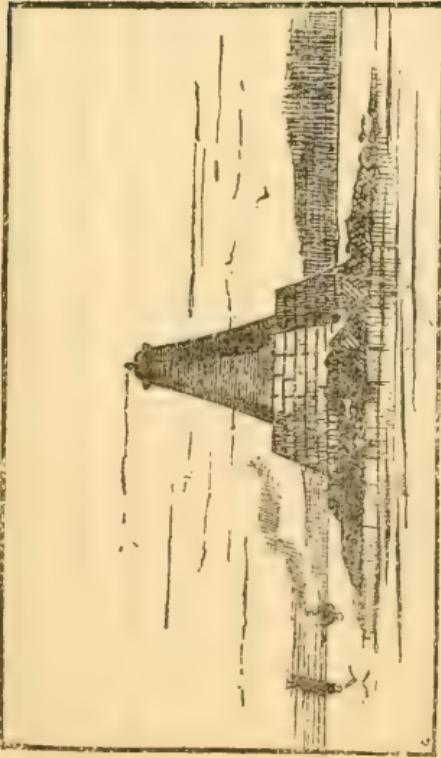


BAKER'S ISLAND.

THE SOUTH COAST.

Boston to Provincetown.

For this excursion our course lies down the harbor, as in that to Cape Ann, as far as Nix's Mate, when we diverge in order to pass between Lovell's and Gallop's islands.



NIX'S MATE.

The spot on which Nix's Mate monument stands was formerly an island of several acres, and an important landmark to ships navigating the channel until about the be-

ginning of the present century, when, having almost wholly disappeared, the stone beacon was erected at the expense of the state. It is five and three-fourths miles distant from Long Wharf. The monument always possesses curious interest from the legend connected with it, which runs as follows: In the early days of the colony, the crime of piracy being then common, it was the custom to hang condemned freebooters in chains upon this island, and it is said that one of these felons persisted in asserting his innocence to the last, predicting that the island would be destroyed in proof of his dying declaration. The island has certainly disappeared before the constant inroads of the current and the waves, but no one has yet been able to discover any foundation for the tradition other than the fact of its having been a place of execution for pirates. It was called Nix's Isle in 1636. The tradition is too firmly established for us to gainsay without positive evidence. An old song, containing sailing directions into the harbor, recites:

“The beacon pass’d you steer north-west
To pass by Nick’s mate;
Who here for crimes which all detest,
Met an unhappy fate.”

Lovell’s ISLAND was granted to Charles-town in 1636. It has been the scene of numerous wrecks, attended in some cases with loss of life. In 1786 a vessel was driven ashore here, and twelve of the thirteen persons on board were lost. After the defeat of the French fleet by Admiral Rodney, that fleet sailed for Boston, and while entering the Narrows, the *Magnifique*, a ship of the line, missed stays, went ashore on this island, and was lost. Congress afterward gave the French King a line-of-battle ship for her.

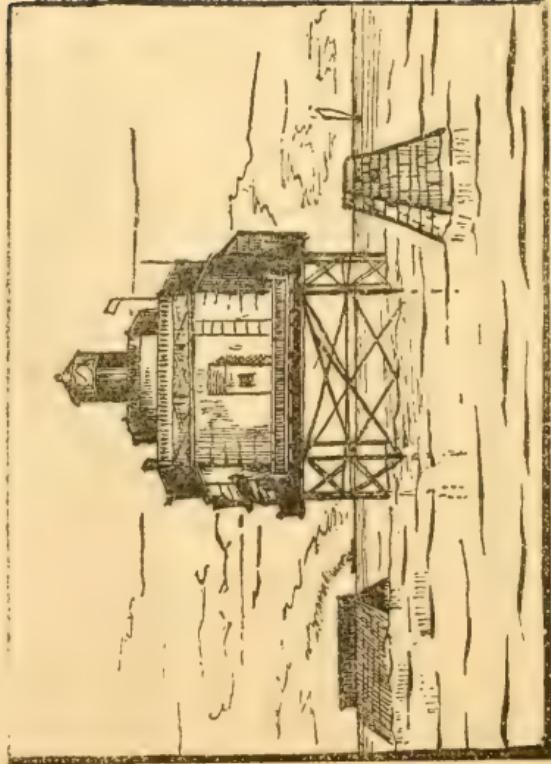
GALLOP’S ISLAND retains its earliest name having been granted to John Gallop (also the owner of Nix’s Island) in 1649. It then contained 16 acres. This John Gallop was a character. In 1636, being then on his way from Connecticut in a little bark of twenty tons, with only one man and two boys for a crew, he fell in, off Block Island, with a pinnace which the Indians

had captured from John Oldham, a trader, whom they killed on boarding his vessel. Gallop counted fourteen red-skins on deck. He bore up and fired into them with his small arms, driving them under hatches ; then, using his anchor for a ram, ran into the pinnace, staving her bow. Ten of the frightened savages jumped overboard and were drowned. The others Gallop cast adrift with the pinnace.

We are now approaching GEORGE'S ISLAND on which stands a noble fortress begun by the U. S. government in 1833, under direction of Col. Thayer, but not completed until 1850. Any hostile fleet entering the port must first force its way through the narrow channel commanded by the heaviest ordnance in use. During the Rebellion, Fort Warren, as it is named, was garrisoned by state troops. It was also a place of confinement for rebel prisoners of rank, among whom were Mason and Slidell, diplomatic agents of the mushroom government at Richmond. George's Island was fortified by Admiral D'Estaing during the Revolution.

We now have, on our right, PETTICK'S ISLAND, and then the high promontory of HULL, which is joined to the mainland by the magnificent NANTASKET BEACH, back of which rise several green eminences — as STRAWBERRY HILL, SAGAMORE HILL, etc., crowned by hotels and cottages. Nantasket is connected with the mainland in the town of Cohasset. It was probably the first place settled by Englishmen in Boston Bay. At present it enjoys a reputation second to none in the estimation of pleasure-seekers. Thousands resort here, daily, during the summer season, to enjoy a brief respite from the burning heat of the city. The long beach is a beautiful promenade or drive, and the visitor finds everything necessary for his comfort or enjoyment in the numerous hotels, pavilions, or booths scattered along the shore. Railways also whirl the pleasure-seeker along the whole length of the beach. On the high bluff at one extremity of the beach are seen the Atlantic and Rockland houses. Nearer is the fine Hotel Nantasket. Beyond are

GREEN HILL, and the famous JERUSALEM ROAD to Cohasset. The extreme seaward point of Hull is a high headland of drift, called POINT ALLERTON (not Alderton) for Isaac Allerton, one of the Pilgrims. It is the outermost land of Boston Bay, which embraces between this "land's end" and Point Shirley, about 75 square miles, and nearly 100 islands and rocks having names.



BUG LIGHT.

Near Fort Warren we left the Narrows or BUG LIGHT, standing on iron piles at the end of a dangerous spit; then comes BOSTON LIGHT, on a rock, connected, at low

tide, with the GREAT BREWSTER. It is eight and a half miles from the city wharves. At a session of the General Court, in July, 1715, a law was passed "that there be a light-house erected at the charge of the Province, on the southernmost part of



BOSTON LIGHT.

the Great Brewster, called BEACON ISLAND, to be kept lighted from sun-set to sun-rising." Its cost was £2,385 17s. 8d. A toll, called light-house money, was levied on all vessels inward or outward bound. The

British blew up the light-house when they were compelled to raise the blockade of the harbor, in 1775. The next year the Americans placed a decoy light here. In 1783 the tower was rebuilt of stone, and with some enlargement and improvement, the original structure still stands. The top of the lantern is nearly 100 feet above the sea level, and the light, a revolving one, is visible, in clear weather, sixteen nautical miles.

During the Revolutionary war, while the *Magicienne*, a fine French frigate, was conveying two store-ships from Newport into Boston, she was overhauled, close in with the light-house, by the British frigate *Sagittair*. The Frenchman, although carrying a smaller battery than the English cruiser, bravely accepted battle in order to save his convoy from capture, not doubting that the three French frigates then lying at anchor within the harbor would come to his assistance. They were in fact only a few miles off. But, because they were not regularly and fully equipped for sea, they would not lift an anchor. So, after an

hour's desperate conflict, the French frigate was compelled to strike her flag, in plain sight of thousands of disgusted spectators.

It was here, too, that the *Shannon* backed her topsails and hoisted her challenge to the *Chesapeake*, then lying in President's road, to come out and fight her. Captain Lawrence, too chivalric a spirit to decline the invitation to combat, sailed with a drunken and mutinous crew to defeat and death, bequeathing in his last moments that memorable watchword to our gallant tars, “Don't give up the Ship!”

Having steamed out through LIGHT HOUSE CHANNEL past Point Allerton, the open sea is before us. The steamer now heads S. E. coasting the shores of the historic OLD COLONY. The first object of interest we encounter here is MINOR'S LEDGE LIGHT, a granite shaft rising out of the sea from submerged rock foundations. The light-house formerly standing here, was destroyed during the terrific gale of April 16, 1851, and with it perished two keepers then on duty. It was built

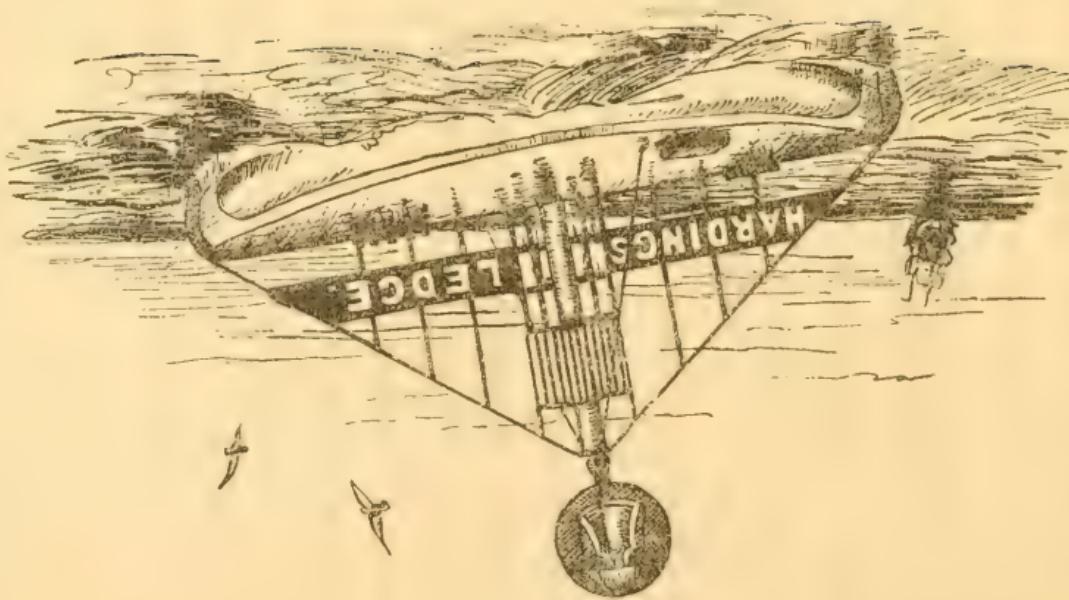
entirely of iron, the store-room, keepers'-room, and lantern being supported by thick posts of iron deeply imbedded in the solid ledge beneath. It had withstood many furious gales, the theory of its construction being that its safety consisted in the little resistance offered by the supporting pillars to the force of the sea. The light was not seen to be burning on the night of its destruction, and the next morning portions of the structure were driven up on the beach. The present tower is built on the model of the celebrated Eddystone Light-house in England. The courses of stone are dove-tailed together in a peculiar manner, so that the whole possesses the solidity of a structure hewn out of the rock. It was many years in building, the labor of preparing the foundation being one of great difficulty and discomfort to the workmen, who could only work at low tide. The whole neighborhood is thickly sown with dangerous sunken ledges, and has been the scene of numerous wrecks. SCITUATE HILL is the highest land in Cohasset.

The rocky peninsula at the northern extremity of SCITUATE, on which is a building, formerly a hotel, is called THE GLADES. It is much resorted to by sportsmen, having long been famed for the sea-fowl shooting its vicinity affords. In this town (Scituate) we pass the limit of the rocky coast, entering upon a long stretch of sand which continues to the farthest point of land on Cape Cod. Scituate has a fine beach and many prefer the shore here to that of the north coast.

Passing Scituate, we next reach MARSHFIELD, formerly called CARESWELL, from the ancient seat of the Winslow family. Peregrine White, the first white child born in New England, is buried in the old Winslow graveyard which overlooks the sea, near the site of Daniel Webster's home. The ashes of the great statesman also repose here, not far from those of Josiah Winslow, governor of Plymouth Colony, and Penelope his wife. Much to the regret of all who cherish the memory of Webster, the old mansion was destroyed by fire a

year or two since. The high land in Marshfield is TELEGRAPH HILL, 200 feet above sea level. We pass BRANT ROCK, and

BUOY, HARDING's.



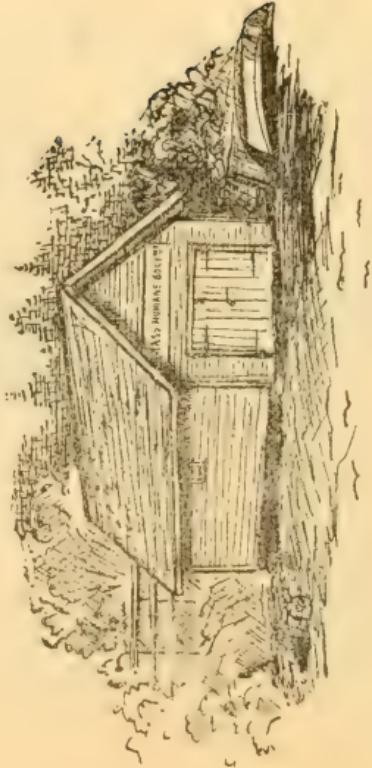
GREEN HARBOR, and are off the long strip of sand beach which forms DUXBURY and

PLYMOUTH BAYS. Behind this beach, which was formerly fringed with pines, lies the town of DUXBURY. We shall see the eminence called CAPTAIN'S HILL, with its monument rising above the surrounding shores. Duxbury was the home of the redoubtable Miles Standish, whose house stood near the foot of the hill, just mentioned. In Duxbury is also the terminus of one of the Atlantic telegraph cables.

Coming to the extreme point of the long beach referred to, we find it terminating in the Gurnet headland, upon which there are two lights. The sandy peninsula now turns to the W., ending in SAQUISH POINT. Immediately behind Saquish, and sheltered by it, is CLARK'S ISLAND, the most famous of all New England islands; for here the discovery party of Pilgrims, who had narrowly escaped shipwreck while in search of a place for settlement, landed December 10, 1620, O. S., and passed the Sabbath.

Directly to the S. of the Gurnet, on the opposite shore of the mainland, is the high promontory of MANOMET, a conspicuous

landmark, and upon looking eastward, we see the white and sandy shores of the Cape stretching far out to sea. Looking to the W. another large strip of beach, extending out from the Plymouth shore, makes the harbor of Plymouth ; above are seen BURIAL HILL, the steeples of the town, and the



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monument commemorative of the Pilgrims. Farther up, at the head of the Bay, is the town of KINGSTON.

Plymouth harbor is shallow, there being at low tide only a narrow channel along the inner shore of the beach ; but every foot of ground is historic, and the rock on which the forefathers landed has become to Amer-

ica's what the tomb of Mahomet is to all believers in the Alcoran. The many objects of interest to be seen at Plymouth, and in its vicinity, will claim a day's investigation, well employed, at the visitor's hands.

It will be remembered that Provincetown was the first port entered by the Pilgrims, and towards it we will now steer. There could be no better preparation for the excursion we are making than by reading, beforehand, the chronicles of the Pilgrims; for every hill and point is intimately associated with their trials and sufferings, from the time the Mayflower first anchored at Cape Cod, until the following spring found them emerging from the dark valley of the shadow of death with only half their original number.

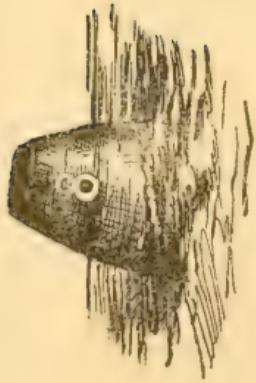
A sail of twenty odd miles, keeping the shores of EASTHAM, WELLFLEET, and TRURO, which constitute what we may call the forearm of the Cape, in sight, brings us close in with the remarkable natural sea mole called Cape Cod. PROVINCETOWN is

the farthest land. As we approach, the shore is seen curving boldly to the westward. We are soon up with LONG POINT, and its light-house, alter our course to N. W., and are in CAPE COD HARBOR—a world-renowned haven of refuge for the storm-tossed mariner. Provincetown lies on the slopes and along the foot of the range of high sand hills before us, on the highest of which the TOWN HALL is conspicuous. A tablet is placed in the walls of this building commemorating the first landing of the Pilgrims on American soil. The harbor is shallow, but it is often crowded with shipping waiting for a favorable wind to get around the Cape. To the outermost point of land, RACE POINT, it is about three and a half miles from the town. In storms the sea is inexpressibly grand here, gathering force in the bosom of the broad Atlantic, and beating upon the strand with deafening roar. Innumerable wrecks have taken place on this inhospitable coast, and the loss of life has already assumed startling proportions.

Aside from its importance as a harbor of refuge, PROVINCETOWN owes its rise to the George's fishery, for which it is admirably situated, and which gives employment to a large number of men. As at Gloucester, the population consists of almost every nationality, Portuguese being, perhaps, the predominating foreign race. The town having few trees and no gardens, except such as have been made by bringing the soil from a distance, has a curious effect upon the beholder who walks the streets in a sort of bewilderment at the strange appearance of everything he sees. It realizes the idea of a desert more vividly than any other spot of ground in New England.

Captain Bartholemew Gosnold, named Cape Cod in 1602. Captain Smith called it Cape James, but his name did not stick. The cod, once so abundant, has now to be sought on George's, or the Grand Banks, and the whale, once taken so close to the shore, is seldom seen in these waters. Having finished our voyage and looked out upon the broad Atlantic from the farthest

vantage-ground the Bay affords, we have only to retrace our course, while fixing all the objects we have seen firmly in the memory.



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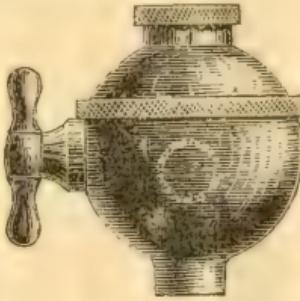
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